

# The Miner.

ESTABLISHED IN 1864.

J. H. MARION, Editor.

Prescott, Arizona Territory.

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**San Francisco Agency.**—Thomas Boyer is the only authorized agent for the MINER in San Francisco. Orders left at his office, No. 30 second floor, Merchants' Exchange, California street, below Montgomery, will be promptly attended to.

## Another Indian Outrage.

Monday last, at a point about six miles this side of Wickenburg, a party of 75 or 100 Indians attacked the mail party, killed a soldier—one of the escort—and wounded the mail rider, captured the pack animal and two bags of mail matter. The Indians cut the party off from Wickenburg and tried to capture the whole outfit, but the carrier and his escort got away from them and succeeded in reaching Walnut Grove, where the wounded soldier died.

The captured bags contained two weeks' California and Eastern mails, which, no doubt, will be destroyed by the red-skins. After the news reached Prescott, the commanding officer at Fort Whipple, sent out Captain Hobart and Co. L. of the Eighth Cavalry, to follow the trail of the murderers and robbers. Wednesday morning, the mail left this place, in charge of Wm. Cory, and escorted by some 7 or 8 troopers.

A nice state of affairs this, Indians murdering and robbing in every direction, people deprived of hearing from the outside world, and afraid to go anywhere unless in large bodies, and all because Government does not send sufficient troops here to overawe and check the savage authors of all our woes.

**INDIANS EVERYWHERE.**—Just now, our red brethren are awful thick hereabouts. They are seen in the woods, close to town, in the rocks below town, on Granite creek, in fact, everywhere. They paid a visit to Mountain Ranch, near the Sterling mine, a short time ago, and took two mules belonging to Johnson & Zimmerman. The soldiers are after them, but we fear the wily savages will dodge them. Success has made them very bold, and unless more troops are sent here, our people will have to abandon everything else, turn out and fight them, or leave the country.

**NO NEWS.**—Having been robbed of our mail by our Indian friends, we are innocent of what is going on in California and the Atlantic States. The latest San Francisco papers received here were of Oct. 16, and they left us in doubt as to the true result of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Nebraska. Tuesday last, the Territorial Legislature was to have assembled at Tucson, and on that day, also, the sovereigns of America were to have decided whether Democracy or Radicalism shall rule the country for the next four years. Should the Indians see fit to let us have a mail, we will soon know all about matters.

The Clerk of the District Court has removed his office to the store of Gray & Co., but does not, we believe, intend asking the county to pay any office rent for him. Thus, at present, Yavapai county pays no rent for offices, her new Court House furnishes all but one county officer with an office. If economy continues to be practiced by our Supervisors, the county will soon have a clean slate, and money in the Treasury. The building of a Court House and Jail was good policy.

We publish on the outside of to-day's MINER, a review or criticism upon Col. Cremony's new book about the Apaches. The review, we learn by letter from a gentleman in San Francisco, was written for the *Overland Monthly* by Sylvester Mowry, author of "Mowry's Arizona and Sonora."

**MARRIED** people imagine that an old bachelor's soul is something like an empty crucible; that he is wrapped up in himself, without feeling, friendship, loving ties and such things, yet this is all a mistake, as we are aware. Last week, upon the departure of our long, lank friend and brother type, Wm. S. Little, for the States, we caught hold of his bony hand and shook it in a don't-care-a-cent sort of a way, yet, upon leaving him and realizing the fact that another link in the chain that binds humanity together was severed, we could not repress a feeling of sorrow that gathered in our breast and took possession of us. Now, Little is neither our uncle nor our aunt, but on the contrary quite the reverse, still he is a man, in every sense of the word, and we shall feel lonely during his absence in his native State, Maryland.

**MR. HOOKER**, Contractor for furnishing the troops in Arizona with beef, arrived here yesterday with a large lot of beef cattle, and turned them over to Capt. E. D. Baker, A. Q. M. at Fort Whipple.

Two interesting letters—one from Western New York, the other from San Francisco, written by former residents of Prescott, will be found in to-day's paper, and will repay a perusal.

## What our People are Doing.

Notwithstanding the bloody Indian war that is now being waged against us, our people keep on improving, and property of every description is increasing in value. Town lots that, three months ago, would not sell for \$100, bring, now, from \$300 to \$600, and favorite lots fronting the plaza are eagerly sought after at any price. Improved ranches are also in demand, and mining stocks are looking up. Since the date of our last number, some 5 or 6 new houses have been started, and we learn that Mr. Martin will soon commence the erection of a brick building, fronting the plaza. Theodore Otto is building a barber shop and bath-house on the northwest corner of the plaza. Noyes & Curtis have commenced the erection of another house adjoining the large two-story house, which they have recently built and are now finishing. C. T. Rogers has just completed for himself a cozy little bachelor's hall, adjoining the store of Gray & Co., and A. G. Dunn has commenced the building an addition to his butcher shop. We also understand that Mr. Jos. Kerr is contemplating the erection of a large wagon and wheel-right shop on the lot fronting Allen & White's store. At Wickenburg, houses are being erected every week. The farmers, too, are improving, as is evidenced by the loads of lumber which are daily drawn through town, and from the way in which orders are being filled at the mills.—Noyes & Curtis' Quartz Mountain Mill is kept running all the time, and yet they cannot supply the demand. The Willow Creek Co.'s Mill is also kept busy at work, but so far, has not been able to keep up with the demands of its customers.

**QUARTZ MINING.** Is being steadily prosecuted at the Sterling, the Chase and at Walker District. At latest accounts from the Sterling, the new incline shaft was down over 40 feet in the ledge, and at that depth a chamber, 30 feet in length, had been run in upon the ledge, which has disclosed a splendid looking vein of rich sulphuret ore. At points in this chamber, the ledge measures 9 feet, but its general thickness averages, fully, 4½ feet. Two shifts of hands are now employed in this chamber, and ore is being taken out tolerably fast. There is some water in the mine, but not enough to cause much trouble in working it. Mr. Berger, the Superintendent, stays at the mine all the time, attending to business, and if experience in mining and close attention to business deserve success, he ought to have it. The furnace will soon be completed, vats, etc., set up and the mill turned loose, when, of course, we will soon after know something about chlorination. When last in Prescott, the experienced foreman of the Sterling mine, T. W. Brooks, told us that never before had he seen such immensely rich gold ore as he was taking out of the Sterling, and that his confidence was unbounded in the success of this enterprise.

**THE CHASE.** A few days ago, Mr. A. O. Noyes, who with George Curtis, his partner, has been engaged in prospecting this mine for some time past, brought into our office a fine, large specimen of rock, a sample of that taken out of the tunnel which has been run into the vein a distance of 200 feet. The sample was of various colors, and looked very much like the richest Washoe silver rock, but Mr. Noyes assured us that the predominant metal diffused through it was gold, and that it carried lots of it in the small sulphurets and diminutive cellulose visible to the eye. It, like the Sterling, and, we believe, like all mines in this section of Yavapai County, is a "sulphuret" mine, and should the chlorination process prove a success, we know of scores of such mines that will pay to work. It is the intention of Messrs. Noyes & Curtis to keep on running the tunnel until they strike the shaft. The ledge is now fully 3 feet in width, with nice walls and clay seam. We cannot help but commend the spirit of enterprise that has made these gentlemen keep moving, while others, as well able, have lagged behind. Until recently, in this tunnel, little quartz has been taken out, and to tell the honest truth, but little show for a ledge presented itself, and matters looked discouraging, nevertheless, they kept on and are now rewarded with a good sized, good looking, and, we hope, rich ledge. When it is known that, so far, their tunnel has been run through ground belonging to other parties, their perseverance and go-ahead-attitude cannot but be applauded by all who labor for the development of our mines. Mr. Anderson and Chris Bentle did the work in this tunnel, and, although the rock was hard and the water plenty, they have cleared over \$1000 in six months.

**FRENCH & TURNER** are working away on the Tie-Tie, in Walker's District, and Mr. Graves and partners went up there, recently, and are now, we presume, preparing their desulphurizers and fixing up the Eureka mill, for a winters run. Graves has an idea that he can drive off the sulphur, arsenic and other base metals that go to make up sulphurets in gold-bearing rocks, by placing the ore in cast iron pipes, which revolve or turn half way round over fire, but some people think his pipes will burn out and that the process will prove a fizzle; nevertheless, it is worth a trial, and we hope soon to record it as a success.

**BIG BUG DISTRICT.** The other day, Mr. Wunderlich showed us

several pieces of sulphuret rock from the Galena ledge, in Big Bug District, 16 miles east from Prescott, which we know to be rich.—The sulphurets bear a close resemblance to those found in the Sterling mine. A pack train is now engaged in bringing ore from this mine to the Sterling mill, 6 miles south from Prescott, where it will be worked by Mr. Berger, as soon as his chlorination works are ready. The Galena belongs to L. C. Gray & Co.

**PLACER MINING.** has not yet been resumed on Lynx Creek, Big Bug and the Hassayampa, but the miners are ready to pitch in as soon as water comes.—We are daily expecting news from Black Canyon Diggings, Bradshaw Mining District, forty-five miles southeast from this place, but nobody comes, and some people think that the Indians have the miners blockaded, but we do not think so, and look for the boys here soon, with plenty of dust.

Now is the time for those who intend to follow placer mining the coming winter, to hunt up diggings and get ready for working them. About Christmas, there will, very likely, be an abundance of water, and from that time till the 10th or 20th of June, there will be no scarcity of the blessed fluid. Below Walnut Grove, on the Hassayampa, there are several claims that will pay well. At the Mexican Camp, on Lynx Creek, there is plenty of good ground, also, on Big Bug, Black Canyon, Slate and other creeks. As soon as the hands now employed on the ranches get through with the labor of gathering and storing the crops, no doubt, many of them will turn their attention to placer mining, and, if so, we fancy that much gold dust will be unearthed the coming winter.

Owing to the capture of the mails by Indians, we are unable to give an idea of what is being done in our sister counties, but believe that, in them, progression is the order of the day. What may we not hope for our noble Territory when the Apache is quieted and the mantle of peace is spread over it?—Then will her course be upward and onward, and those who have stood by her in her years of peril will be gladdened at seeing the fair land for which they have periled life, everything dear and sacred to them, settled, thickly, by an industrious people. God grant that the time is not far distant when all this shall come to pass, for until it does, our people will be compelled to suffer in the same manner in which they have been suffering ever since the Territory was organized.

## Work of the Indians.

### THE DEAD.

George D. Bowers died at Camp Lincoln, in this county and Territory, on Friday morning, October 30th, at 15 minutes past one o'clock. Such was the sad news related to us by Johnny Behan, Recorder of this county, upon his return here from Camp Lincoln, after witnessing the death and burial of his brave, noble, generous hearted young friend. George D. Bowers, dead, killed by Indians! Great God, how long shall we be compelled to hear of the death of friends by these cruel wretches. The blood of 500 of the red scamps would not atone for the killing of "little George." How his mother and father will weep for the loss of their only child when the news of his death reaches them in their California home, can be imagined from the manner in which his relatives and friends here were affected by the sad news. From his Uncle Herbert we learn that George was born in the State of New York, and that, last June, he was twenty-one years of age. His parents, who now reside in California, emigrated to that State early in '90, bringing George with them. He came to Arizona during the spring of '95. He was a young man of great promise, and had been allowed to live, would have been a good and useful man. To one not well acquainted with him, George appeared churlish and "stuck-up," but being intimately acquainted with him, we can bear witness to the fact that his mind was pure, his acts manly, and his soul generous and noble. Farewell, dear George, and may a just God give us a chance to revenge your death upon your cowardly murderers.

Robert Nix, the soldier who was with George, and who received seven wounds, has also died. We have endeavored to find out the place of his nativity, and something more about him, but have not, as yet, succeeded in doing so.

Another soldier, name unknown to us, died shortly after reaching Walnut Grove, Monday night last. He received his death wound in the recent attack made upon the mail party, near Wickenburg.

**THE WOUNDED** in the recent Indian attacks are receiving all the care and attention possible to give them. J. J. Gibson, Wm. King and Thomas Bonnett are at Fort Whipple Hospital. A Mexican, who was wounded by an Indian, at the Toll-Gate, on the Hardyville road, recently, was brought to town by Nick Thede a day or two ago, and is being attended to by Dr. Kendall, who has succeeded in extracting a bullet from under the left false rib. This bullet the Dr. thinks, was fired out of a rifle. The man is now doing well. J. J. Gibson, we are told, bears the pangs of his numerous wounds without a grumble and does not expect to die soon, al-

though we fear his fate will soon be sealed. Mr. King is getting along well. So is Mr. Bonnett, the man who was wounded by the Coyottero Apaches, on his way here from New Mexico. Gus. Begole rode into town the other day, from his ranch, and appeared to carry the arrow-heads and bullets recently drove into him by Mr. Lo, with ease and grace. We have not heard anything from the wounded mail rider, and do not know how he is getting along.

## Gossip from San Francisco.

[FROM AN OLD ARIZONIAN.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 12, 1898.

**DEAR MINER:**—After many days, I am beginning to redeem my promise of writing you an occasional bit of gossip about what is going on in this busy and growing city, the "Commercial Center" of the Pacific coast. You must know that I have but recently arrived here, owing to the fact that I fell in love with the orange groves and vineyards of Los Angeles, and lingered in that pleasant and prosperous town until its beauties became less inviting to my eyes, and I longed, in the spirit and the flesh, for "the old paths" of the City of Saint Francis.

The spirit of progression is wonderfully apparent in Southern California. San Bernardino, in the matter of buildings, is greatly improved, and business is probably better; but it is San Bernardino still. Los Angeles is advancing with rapid strides. All the material in industries of the county are being developed, and lands and property are consequently rising in value. The same may be said of San Diego, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and other points. Indeed, the lower portion of the State, as an entirety, is attracting that attention which it deserves, and bids fair to become, in time, the leading agricultural section.

San Francisco, to one who has been absent for a couple of years, shows astonishing evidences of improvement. At the Mission, a little city has grown up, and all that portion of the city is going ahead with railroad speed. California street looks like a street in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston; and in all sections of the city, splendid buildings meet the eye. Kearny street is nearly built up, since its widening, and is a fine thoroughfare. The city's population is estimated at 150,000, and the promise of the future is brilliant.

**THE SMALL-POX.** Has been raging to an alarming extent. Many of its victims have been laid in the cold, cold ground, and the Pest House is still crowded, while the waving of the yellow flag in many places throughout the city proclaims that many patients are being treated at their homes. Public vaccination has been ordered, but I don't think it can be very generally carried out. It is to be hoped that the dread scourge may speedily be removed.

**THE PRINTERS.** The "art preservative" is in good condition. There are about 230 printers here. The "rats," under the recent "proclamation of amnesty," are coming in. The *Bulletin*, *Alta* and *Call* may be said to be the only permanently established dailies. The friends of the *Times* claim that it is a success, and will be a permanency. Alvinza Hayward, the *Cross*, owns it, it is said. It is paying at present. The *Chronicle*, the new bit paper, is spiky, and may succeed. The *Examiner* is established; but its revenue is small. The *Dispatch* is shaky on its pins. The *Golden City* is now the best of the literary papers.

**BREVITIES.** North Beach is not improving. That portion of the city seems to stand still. At the Beach, the same old monkeys, bears and bath-houses are to be found.

The lager beer cellars seem to be falling into disrepute. The "beer-jerkers" are not the power they were, among the fast youth. The gambling hells flourish. The police seem to make no effort to close them.

The "Grecian bend" has appeared among the fashionable ladies. It is universally abused by the men, and, no doubt, will be universally adopted by the ladies.

The Parepa-Rosa season of opera has closed. Madame Rosa's singing was magnificent, but nearly all the rest of the troupe were inferior artists. There is nothing good at the theaters now.

Our new Postmaster, Holland Smith, has entered upon his duties. He is a good man for the place.

The opposition line of steamers to the East has been withdrawn, and there is no more cheap travelling.

**SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 14, '98.** The Democratic procession, Monday night last, was a creditable affair. About 5,000 men were in line, including 700 horsemen. There were numerous transparencies and torches, and some fire-works. Many houses were illuminated. The Democrats were jubilant over the success of the occasion, and freely offered bets on carrying the State, some of which were taken.

The President has issued a proclamation appointing November 20th, next, as a day of Thanksgiving.

**R.** JAMES E. McCaffrey has gone to Tucson, for the purpose, we are told, of applying to the Supreme Court for admission to the bar. We believe he intends to return here soon.

## Prescott Advertisements.

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GRAND FORWARD MOVEMENT!

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GO THE PRICES!

UNPRECEDENTED RUSH UPON

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Gents Ready-Made Clothing, and Furnishing Goods,

Mission and Pioneer Mills' Woolen Goods, Fancy Goods, Yankee Notions, Confectionery, Stationery,

Meerschaum Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Hosiery, Buckskin and Kid Gloves,

Nuts, Figs, Dates, Henry's and Spencer's Improved Rifles, Colt's Pistols, Blasting and Sporting Powder, Fixed Ammunition, Caps, Fuse, Clocks, Farming Implements, Groceries, Wines and Liquors.

Dry-Goods, Dry-Goods, Dry-Goods, CHEAPER THAN EVER!

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D. HENDERSON & CO. Corner of Granite and Gurley Streets, Prescott, Arizona.

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Boots, Shoes, Wines, Liquors, Clothing, Hardware,

And all other Articles needed by Arizonians.

At the Store formerly occupied by Jas. Grant,

MONTICLOSA STREET, PRESCOTT.

TERMS REASONABLE. Prescott, Arizona, August 29, 1898.

Pacific Brewery,

Montezuma Street, Prescott, Arizona.

RAIBLE & SCHEERER, Proprietors.

**AS WE BREW OUR OWN** Beer, and take great pains to make it O. K., lovers of that healthy and strengthening beverage will do well by calling upon us and taking some of our medicine. Good LAGER BEER, Liquors and Cigars, always on hand.

JOHN RAIBLE, PHILLIP SCHEERER. Prescott, October 5, 1897.

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Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Clothing, Dry-Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Paints, &c., &c., &c.

FIRE-PROOF BUILDING,

West Side of the Plaza, Prescott, Arizona.

JOHN G. CAMPBELL, W. M. BUFFUM. Prescott, April 4, 1898.

C. JACKSON & Co.,

Montezuma Street, Prescott.

**WE HAVE JUST ARRIVED FROM** San Francisco with a large assortment of LIQUORS, which we offer for sale at reduced prices, for cash, at our sample rooms, where Joe and Sol, the handsomest and noblest men in town, will always be on hand to dispense liquors in the most approved style. CHAMPAGNE on draft. We never sleep over. P. S.—Joe has now another attraction besides his "Pulp." C. JACKSON & Co. Prescott, June 5, 1898.

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